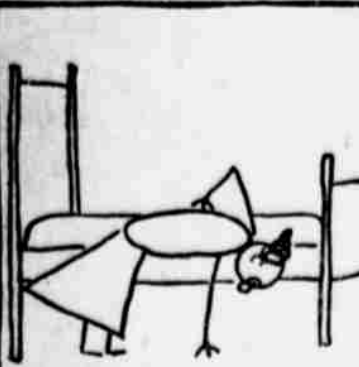


By C. M. Payne

Sammy's Sayings

BY HAZEN CONKLIN

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EVERY NIGHT MISS HUNTER WHO LIVES NEXT DOOR LOOKS UNDER THE BED TO SEE IF THERE'S A MAN THERE.

DAD SAYS IT'S NO USE, FOR SHE'S BEEN DOING THIS FORTY YEARS AND SHE'S STILL SINGLE.

Good Stories

Trying a New Method.

A YOUNG married woman one morning gave her husband a sealed letter, which he was to read when he got to his office. He did so, and the letter ran as follows: "I am obliged to tell you something that may give you pain, but there is no help for it. You shall know everything, whatever be the consequences. For the last week I have felt that it must come to this, but I have waited until the last extremity, and can remain silent no longer. Do not overwhelm me with bitter reproach, for you will have to put up with your share of the trouble as well as myself."

Cold perspiration stood in thick drops on the brow of the husband, who was prepared for the worst. Tremblingly he read on: "Our coat is all gone. Please order a ton to be sent this afternoon. I thought, you might forget it for the tenth time, and therefore wrote you this letter."—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Plain to Be Seen.

AN ENGLISHMAN serving his country as attaché to the British Embassy at Washington says that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, has more than once been sought out by persons desirous of consulting him about thefts.

To one such woman Sir Arthur one day good naturedly and facetiously said: "My detective powers are quite at your service." "Frequent and mysterious thefts," said the woman, "have been occurring at my house for a long time. Thus there disappeared last week a motor horn, a broom, a box of golf balls, a left riding boot, a dictionary and a half dozen tin pie plates."

"The case is perfectly clear," said Sir Arthur; "you keep a goat."—Hartford Post.

Not Paid for Resting.

A WELL known theatrical manager, more famous, if possible, for the "breaks" he made than for his many successes, attending the rehearsal of one of his plays, noticed that a man in the orchestra who had to play the trombone was holding the instrument in front of him and doing nothing.

The manager at once called him to account.

"Say," said he, "what do you mean by not working along with the other fellows?"

"Why," said the musician, "I can't play; I have nineteen bars' rest."

"Not on your life!" replied the angry manager. "I don't pay any one for resting. Either you play when the other fellows do, or you clear out, son!"—Farming Business.

"S'MATTER, POP?"



FLOOEY AND AXEL—Floey Isn't to Blame for This; There's a Limit to All Human Endurance!

By Vic



MARY'S MARRIED LIFE—Pa Tibbets Had a Grand Little Idea, Didn't He!

By Thornton Fisher



'T WAS EVER THUS!—This Time the Early Bird Got a Goat, Not a Worm!

By Bud Counihan



KIDSBURG

A STATUE TO KIDSBURG'S FIRST MAYOR IS UNVEILED IN COURT-HOUSE SQUARE

By "Dwig"



The Great Dot Mystery

FREDDY'S BIRTHDAY GOAT DISAPPEARED—SEE IF YOU CAN HELP HIM RECOVER IT.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON the second day's search for the goat Freddy and the scouts went still further west until they came to a river. While they were wondering whether the goat could swim the bloodhound found a rope. There was something alive on the other end, so they pulled it in. No, it wasn't the goat; it was a monstrous —!

To solve this Great Dot Mystery join the dots with a pencil line as each chapter is printed. Begin with dot No. 1 and take them in numerical order. Then cut out each picture, and when the last chapter is printed you will have a thrilling mystery story complete to be pasted in your scrap-book. Chapter XVII. will be printed next Friday.

The Difference.

LITTLE MOLLY had been very trying all day. That evening, when her grown-up sister was putting her to bed, she said she hoped the child would be a better girl tomorrow, and not make everybody unhappy with her naughty temper. Molly listened in silence, thought hard for a few moments, and then said, wisely: "Yes, when it's me it's temper; when it's you it's nerves."—Tit-Bits.

Why She Wept.

"WHY, my dear," exclaimed the good friend on finding Mrs. Newwood in floods of tears, "what is the matter?" The young wife wiped her eyes and tried to compose herself and be inhumanly calm. "Well," she began, with folded hands, "you know John is away for a week."

8 Visits for \$5

The reason why many people suffering from catarrhal troubles are not cured is because they cannot afford to receive proper treatment. Dr. J. C. McCoy offers the nominal fee of a visit for \$5 in advance at this time by Dr. McCoy so that all suffer from catarrhal troubles may be able to receive treatment as often as it is needed.

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